

The Mirror

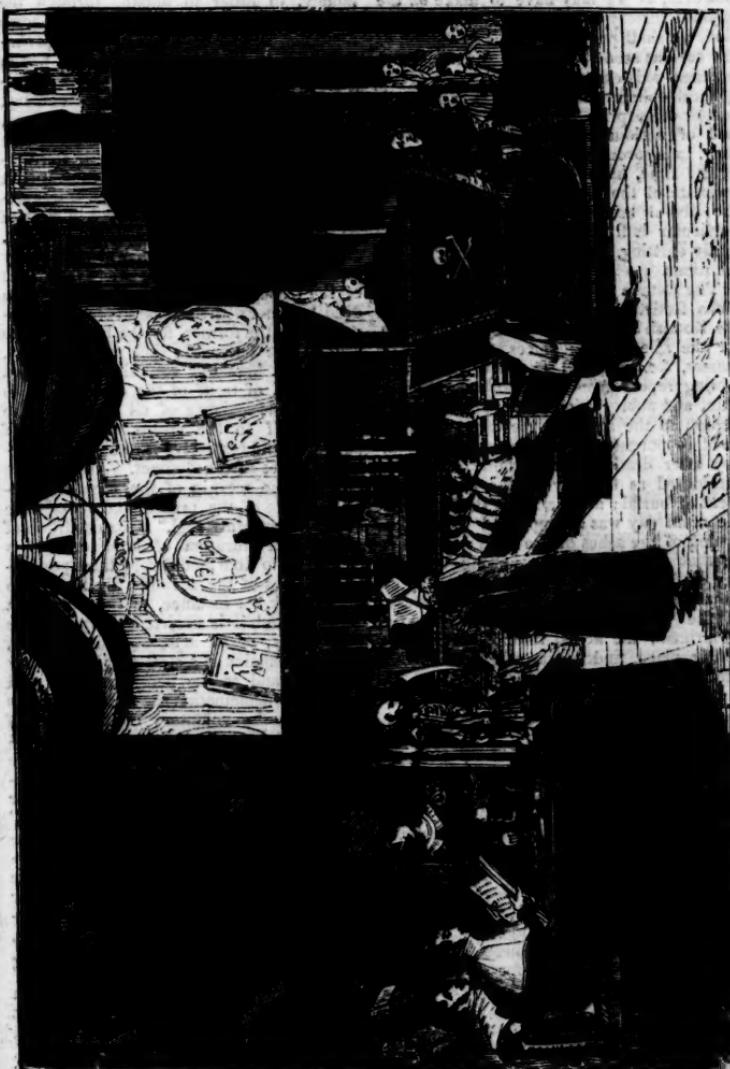
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LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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THE OCTAVE OF THE DEAD.

THE OCTAVE OF THE DEAD.

THE prefixed Engraving, "The Octave of the Dead," (*Ottava dei Morti,*) is a modern superstition of the church of Rome, and mainly connected with the doctrine of Purgatory, as it at present exists in the Roman-catholic church. Such remarks, however, as we may have to make on the general history of this prevailing superstition, we shall preface by an explanation of the curious scene before us; the actual and practical existence of which, in this age of general enlightenment, may perhaps afford matter of surprise to some of our readers, and of serious reflection to others, who may, in accordance with the general feeling of the time, have been led to form their estimate of the Romish faith, rather from the liberal behaviour and professions of particular individuals, than from the actually existing, general character of its institutions.

The Octave of the Dead, then, is a religious festival, or celebration, set apart in the Romish church for the receipt of money for the sale of indulgences, the recital of masses, &c., destined exclusively for obtaining repose from torment, relaxation of pain, and abbreviation of the period of retention to the souls of the departed confined in purgatory. In theory, the eighth day after death is, in Catholic countries, considered as the day of the final sacrament of burial; as in ancient Pagan Rome the ninth day was appropriated to the inurning of the ashes of the dead: and it is on that day, therefore, reckoning from the day of decease, that the chief ceremony of mourning for the dead (we now speak of the richer and higher classes) is performed; the actual inhumation usually taking place under circumstances of an almost entire absence of ceremony, not to say, of indecent haste. Hence, therefore, the derivation of the name "Octave"—i. e., eighth day, for the solemn festival in question. Some particular mortuary observances are, indeed, at other times, in various instances, followed amongst the surviving relatives; but the Octave of the Dead is a periodical (annual) "act," or observance, exclusively set apart by the Romish church for the purposes we have mentioned. On the 15th of November, the festival of "All Saints," salvos of artillery from the castle of St. Angelo announce, at break of day, the commencement of the ceremony. Its duration is for seven days. The churches of every district are simultaneously hung with lugubrious ornaments: catafalques, or empty tombs, are placed in the aisle; the pillars are covered with "*memento moris*," and mortuary escutcheons; the light of day is partially excluded; dismal pictorial representations of

the torments of the souls in purgatory are occasionally displayed;—in a word, nothing is neglected in order to produce the due effect upon the minds of the visitors, and to impress them with the fearful state of the "*poveri anime purganti*"—"the poor purgating souls;" and, above all, with the absolute necessity for a sacrifice in the shape of money, in order to obtain, through the medium of the prayers of the church, some remission of the severity of their probationary sufferings in the nether world, or an abridgment of their term of imprisonment. To this end, the protonotary, *sacristano*, or other ecclesiastical officer, appointed for the purpose, takes his seat in a recess, or, as we should term it, the vestry-room, communicating with the church; on the table, before him, is placed the skeleton of a child, partially arrayed in cloth of gold or silver; and in an index-book, or ledger, (for the affair is conducted with perfectly business-like precision,) he enters the names of the respective parties, the living and the dead, together with the amount of cash appropriated by the former, for the benefit of the soul of the deceased; such amount being, as we shall hereafter see, nicely graduated by a kind of tariff of the dead, so as to suit the convenience of all classes, and to adapt itself to the means and depth of pocket of the respective friends or surviving relatives of the defunct. At the same time, in the margin of the register is entered a note of the present and actual state of the "purgating soul," as its condition of suffering or duration of imprisonment is from time to time modified by these periodical offerings of the devout. By turning to the register, for instance, of the state of a departed soul, it is ascertained whether the whole body, or an arm, shoulder, or leg, &c., still remains in a state of purgatorial torment; and as the period of final and complete emancipation approaches, it is found that the voluntary contributions of the faithful increase in proportion; a mother, father, &c., of the humbler class, more especially amongst the peasantry, being frequently known to set aside, during the year preceding the annual "*Ottava dei Morti*," a considerable portion of their hard earnings, in order to meet the expense of liberating the still remaining member of the body of a child, husband, or other dear relative deceased, from the pangs of purgatorial durance. According to the practice, however, established in matters purgatorial, this graduated scale, or "tariff of the dead," is only applicable to the condition of such of the souls of the departed as are not considered to be in a state of final and condign reprobation; or, in other words, to such of them whose sins and transgressions, whilst on earth, have been comparatively slight or venial, and not obnoxious

to everlasting punishment; the theory supposing that the soul of a defunct mortal, however comparatively free from blame in its mundane career, is still necessarily subject to an intermediate process of depuration, or cleansing by fire, in order to fit it for the ethereal existence of the blessed in Paradise. From this intermediate and probationary state of durance, indeed, it would appear that not even the (minor) saints and patriarchs are exempt; as in the doctrine of "the descent into hell," (to which we shall afterwards have occasion to allude,) we find that, according to the best Catholic authorities, the descent "into Limbus" of the Saviour, was in order to liberate the souls of the saints and patriarchs theretofore detained within the precincts of that dark abode. This, however, is one of the subtle questions of the theological schools, for the discussion of which, although mainly connected with the subject of purgatory, the limits of our present article will not suffice. We shall, consequently, proceed to offer a few remarks on the more general question of purgatory, as considered in a point of view historical, doctrinal, and practical.

The doctrine of *purgatory*, or the state of temporary and determinable probation, as distinguished from the idea of eternal punishment, is, like most of the characteristic dogmas and tenets of the Romish church, replete with the peculiar abstruseness and subtleties of the schools. In order to arrive at some definite notion of the subject, it must be borne in mind that, according to a well established and generally received doctrine of the Romish creed, "Hell is under the earth, and twofold: first, the pit of the dead, or the grave, which is upper hell; second, the pit of the damned, which is the nethermost hell: and that Christ descended into the nethermost hell, where sinners are punished eternally, not to suffer any punishment, but as a conqueror, &c." This twofold division of hell is mainly insisted upon by most of the early writers, or, as they are called, the fathers of the church. Thus, St. Augustine, in the fourth and fifth century, says that "it is probable that there are two hell, divided by the great gulf, one where the just are at peace; the other, where the souls are tormented: that the ancient saints were in a place remote from torment, yet that they were in hell till the blood of Christ and his descent thither delivered them; and that, since that time, the souls of believers go to hell no more." Epiphanius, a father of the church in the fourth century, writes, that "the soul of Christ descended into the nethermost parts of hell; * * * that he there broke the sting of death, &c."† On this point it

were easy, if necessary, to multiply quotations from the writings of the early ecclesiastical writers; for, whatever may be the diversity of opinion among them on certain speculative points regarding the topographical arrangement of the nether regions, in one thing all the fathers agree—viz., that "hell is below the surface of the earth, (most of them suppose in its centre;) that it has a twofold division, where the souls of the dead, both good and bad, await, respectively, the final doom: the good, in a state of quiescence; the bad, in a state of torment. They all likewise agree, that the Saviour descended into hell; but there is great diversity of opinion among them as to the part of hell (the uppermost or nethermost) into which he descended: some of them think that the souls of the good, or rather of such of them whose earthly sins are venial, or not worthy of condign and eternal punishment, are still in a subterranean place which they call "Abraham's bosom," where they are to stay till the day of resurrection.

To this traditional conception of the local division of hell may be added another strange conceit, which has found its way (from what source, or on what authority, is uncertain) into the creed of the church of Rome. We allude to that portion or third subdivision of the lower world, denominated "Limbus," or "Limbo"—a subdivision which, in the popular acception, is exclusively appropriated for the reception of the souls of such infants* as may have departed this life before the baptismal ceremonies of the church have been performed over them. In a comparatively modern (Catholic) devotional work, published in 1821, by Keating, 24mo, intituled, *Daily Exercises for Children*, and containing instructions for hearing mass, the prayer di-

* This is the popular notion; but we may here remark, that the term "Limbus," or "Limbo" would appear to have been formerly applied in the modern sense of *purgatory*. Bernardinus de Busi, a monk, in his seventeenth sermon on the Rosary, printed at Hagenau, in 1590, affirms that "the hole wherein the cross stood went down into Limbo, a horrible prison, where the fathers were, near to the horrible devils under the earth: and that the blood of Christ descended thereto; which, when they felt, they rejoiced. And then appeared the soul of Christ, which illuminated the whole place: he saluted them, shook them by the hand, blessed them, and drew them out." As to the origin and derivation of the term "Limbo," we are not aware of any attempt having been hitherto made to explain it: in all probability, however, it may be traced to a corrupted sense of the Latin word "Limba," which with Ovid, and other of the ancient writers, is used for "border, hem of a garment," &c., and by metonymy, "the circuit, confines, outer limits of any place." "Limbo" may therefore express the "confines or limits of hell"—a species of neutral ground closely bordering on that dark abode, but scarcely to be reckoned as making part of it; as in the above quotation we learn that "Limbo," the "horrible prison," was only "near to the horrible devils under the earth."

* Vide "King, on the Creed," p. 211. † Ibid.

rected to be said by the child, at one particular part of the sacred service, recites that "Christ descended into Limbo, and delivered thence the souls of the fathers, till then detained there;" and there is a rude wood-cut over this prayer, representing the descent, the Saviour lifting out the souls, and the confusion and terror of the devils at the unexpected disturbance of their infernal pranks.

(To be concluded in our next.)

IN YOUTH'S SUNNY MORNING.

In youth's sunny morning, when pleasure alone
Is the planet of heart and of mind,
We think every morn will shine as that alone,
Nor e'er leave one sorrow behind.
Young Hope has a wand so enchantingly fair
It shews but the sunlight of days;
It bringeth no slumber with dreamings of care,
No moment unlit by her rays!

But as years hurry onward, how, day after day,
The mirror of Hope is o'ercast,
And we wond'ringly see ev'ry once-cloudless ray
Less cloudless and fair than the last.
Then we yield us as fruitage uncurl'd from the
tree,
Or as roses that fade in their bowers;
The earth's not an Eden for mankind, and we
Are its fruitage or perishing flowers.

J. A. S.

AUTOGRAPH OF SHAKSPERE.

SIR Frederick Madden, in his *Observations on the Autograph of Shakspere*, in Florio's translation of Montaigne's *Essays*, states, there to be five acknowledged genuine signatures of the Poet in existence, exclusive of that which forms the subject of this communication. Of these signatures, three are attached to Shakspere's will, in the Prerogative Court, executed March 25, 1615-16: the fourth is written on a mortgage deed, dated March 11, 1612-13, of a small estate, purchased by Shakspere of Henry Walker, in Blackfriars; and the fifth signature is on the counterpart of the deed of bargain and sale of the same property, dated March 10, 1612-13. Sir Frederick Madden then asks, *What has become of this document?*—a query which has been satisfactorily answered by the sale of the long-missing relic, by Mr. Evans, the auctioneer, on the 24th ult.; its authenticity being indisputable by the fact of its having been enrolled. It is thus described in the catalogue: "Shakspere's Autograph, affixed to a deed of bargain and sale of a house purchased by him, in Blackfriars, from Henry Walker, dated March 10, 1612, with the seals attached: The Bond is described as of William Shakspere, of Stratford upon Avon, in the countie of Warwick, Gentle-

man." The Premises are thus described: "All that dwelling house or tenement, with the appurtenance, situate and being within the precinct, circuit, and compass of the late Blackfriars, London. Sometyme in the tenure of James Gardiner, Esq., and since that time in the tenure of John Fortescue, Gent., and of late being in tenure or occupacion of one William Ireland, or of his Assignees or Assignees; abutting upon a street leading down to puddle wharfe on the East part right against the King's Majestie's Wardrobe; part of whch said teneement is erected over a great gate leading to a capital messuage whch sometyme was in the tenure of Wm. Blackwell, Esq., deceased, and since that in the tenure or occupacion of the Rt. Honble. Henry, now Earl of Northumberland. The Deed, at the commeinement, is stated to be betweene Henry Walker, Citizen and Minstrelle, of London, of the one partie; and Wm. Shakspere, of Stratforde upon Avon, in the Countie of Warwick, Gentleman; William Johnson, Citizen and Vintner, of London; John Jackson, and John Hemynge, of London, of the other partie: and that the property was absolutely sold to all four, their Heires and assignes, for ever, the Deed is regularly entered in Rolls Court. Now, the three signatures to Shakspere's Will are in Doctors Commons, (two of them much injured by the hands of the lovers of Shakspere: that in Montaigne's *Essays* is in the British Museum;**) what has become of the Mortgage Deed is quite unknown; so that the above was the only Autograph of Shakspere ever likely to be offered for sale; and after many animated biddings, it was eventually knocked down to Mr. Elkins, for £165 15s. Next was sold, "the Shakspere Cup," made from the Mulberry-tree, planted by Shakspere; beautifully carved, and bearing a medallion of Shakspere, and his arms; it was nearly thirty years in the possession of the late Mr. Munden. Price £21.

THE AMERICAN IN PARIS.

LIKE most travellers from America who arrive at Havre, or any other port in France, my first introductions were to inspectors of passports, baggage, etc., and to porters, runners, hotel-keepers, and to the *salle-à-manger*, which, though last in the catalogue, is first in the estimation of a late convalescent from sea-sickness. I advise all such to dine at a *table d'hôte*; par plat would be extreme bad policy for the pocket. After a very few hours' rest at Havre, I was on the road to ruin. Start not, my dear reader, *Rouen as written*, ruin as pronounced,

* Sold by Mr. Evans, on May 15, 1838, for 100*l.*

as near as one may come at it. It is a fine old town, as all the world has heard; famous for its cathedral, begun by William the Conqueror, and also for a certain kind of candy (to descend) called *sucré de pommes*. From the *coupé* of a diligence there is little observable upon the way to Paris, save the hedgeless, fenceless, woodless expanse of country, with here and there a few peasants in their blue frocks, sabots, and small white caps, somewhat peculiar to Normandy. Preparations were already going forward to petition our common mother for her annual blessing and reward to industry. Every foot of ground seems piously turned up (save pasture-land) and enriched with manure. The economy of the cultivator in this respect is very noticeable. Each fallen and decayed leaf is looked after, and all decayed vegetable matter, in fact, carefully gathered together, again to stimulate the earth which produced it. Trees are trimmed of their superfluous whips and branches, put in heaps, and ready pointed to prop the grape or other vines in due season. In short, nothing is lost; not a blade of grass, not a wayward herb, but is cropped by some one of those animals which bring milk to the dairy, wool to the shears, or which labour in harness. Thus are fed and clothed more than thirty-six-millions of inhabitants; and thus are principally sustained those exhibitions in the markets and in the windows of the restaurants, which, above all other spectacles, are so attractive to the *bon vivant*. Paris is the hive; the above described animals, with wooden shoes, blue frocks, and white caps, the bees; each one bringing his morsel to the grand repository. This hive, like other hives, has its king, ay, and its drones, its sweet and its bitter comb. As one nears this hive of good and bad he encounters constantly that grave, patient, little beast, called the ass, bearing panniers stowed with vegetables, eggs, butter, fruit, &c., making a mass much more formidable than the animal itself; behind which sits, upon the very last inch of his back-bone, the old woman, boy, or old man, hastening his dull pace with the whip. Then there is the great awkward market cart, unlike aught else upon wheels drawn by from one to half a dozen horses, mules, and asses, sometimes in pairs, frequently in tandem. It is evident that the peasant carries back to his home few of the ornamental manufactures or fancy goods of the metropolis; he comes and goes in his eternal blouse, smoking his pipe, touching his night and day cap to his acquaintances in passing, bearing on his cheeks the vermillion of full health.

We will now enter Paris, not through the port St. Denia, where the allied army entered, but by a narrow, dark street, without side walks, which we would neither of us care to remember. Things look very much

to me as in 1837. The great house built by that naughty woman, Catherine de Medicis, now the residence of Louis Philippe; the *Tuileries*, (formerly tile-kilns,) the Palais Royal, built by Cardinal Richelieu, (now a place of elegant shops,) cafés and restaurants; the Louvre, the bridges, libraries, columns, triumphal arches, tombs, churches, &c., &c., stand where they did when the *last journalist* described them by feet and inches, and told the public what each step was immortal for. To say that Paris is rich in architecture and works of art is trite, but it has modest truth in it, which is worth a great deal in these exaggerating times. Tourists and marvelists have found many disagreeable sights of shame and poverty to talk about, and which they must have been very persevering to have sought out; not that they do not exist, but they are driven to or seek dark places—garrets, or the damp vaults of crime—which the stranger rarely troubles. This raking up the excrescences of a big town with a pen is not after my *goût*. Misery everywhere exists where men most do congregate; and Paris, rich and magnificent as it strikes the foreigner, is, as statistics every year shew, the home of many thousands whose fate fiends might commiserate.

The French have been called a *nation of cooks*. They have also been called a frivulous people, a “trifling people,” and by many appellations originating with their neighbours across the channel, who see nothing off their own *nice island quite* as it should be. *Savoir vivre* is with the French a study well considered; but whether to know how to die is as well studied is doubtful. However, to go back to the kitchen: At any of the large hotels you may dine for from four to six francs, served with more than a dozen courses, one-third of which, some writers will tell you, are concocted from the same original flesh, fish, or vegetable. This discovers invention in the writer, I suspect, more than in the cook. I have had the honour of tasting the productions of several distinguished *artistes* at celebrated eating-houses, and, although the dishes came up with very long and complicated names, have always been able to distinguish the primitive stock from which they were wrought, and do not recollect that any plat or dish was repeated more than was reasonable. *Certes*, one may eat a pretty profound dinner and not suffer much from it; here is a merit; but nature, my dear reader, is still lovely even in the divine art of cookery, and even without the aid of its *professors*. Now, your oyster, your blue-point oyster, out of the shell! was ever *artiste* known who could offer a thing so tempting? That is what I call unsophisticated, charming nature. As art is upon the carpet, let us pass to another grade, at

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least, a story above the kitchen. Madame Mars holds out, an idol of the public to the last. It is said she positively finishes her theatrical career this week, making her *congé* to that public a wealthy person. This she did once before in her life, but was obliged to resume her profession in consequence of some bad speculations in the stocks. The theatre Italien, although removed, since the old theatre was burnt, to the Faubourg St. Germain, somewhat out of the way of the crowd, is still well supported, and that too by the most respectable audiences, for that part of Paris is the home of much of the old French nobility. Grisi, Tamburini, Rubini, and Lablache, still reign sovereigns of their calling. A crowded house murmured its disappointment the other evening at the substitution of the Barber of Seville for the popular opera of the Semiramide, in which Grisi was to have appeared, but, taken suddenly ill, we were obliged to worship, for that night, a lesser star in Albertazzi, whose light has not yet, I suspect, reached our shores. Tamburini, as Figaro, is famous. Last night, Moses in Egypt was performed, Lablache, Rubini, Tamburini, and Persiani appearing. The deep bass of Lablache, and Rubini's unequalled tenor, captivated in turns. Rubini is a poor actor, a very stick. Tamburini is a very handsome man, and a fine actor. Persiani has beauty, power of voice and execution, and eyes melting with feeling. She is second only to Grisi herself with the public. A benefit is to be given here on Wednesday evening next, at which all the above names are to figure. The *ballet* is sleeping. Eissler's and Taglioni's absence, leaves Paris almost destitute of Terpsichorean marvels. The *petite Auguste*, I am told, is here, and quite a favourite. Some of the French journals of the week announced that Fanny Eissler had arrived, in company with the Comtesse Merlin, a distinguished literary and accomplished lady, at Cuba. I had the pleasure of seeing the comtesse to-day, at her own house in Paris, and she seemed not particularly gratified with the false intelligence. *Encore* of Fanny: Some papers here quote at length an article from the New-York Herald, in which the honours paid to the dancer are made to appear like those rendered to heroes and conquerors. The Galignani, an English journal, published here, also quotes from the same source of intelligence. *Spectacles*, masquerades, balls, &c., have, during the carnival, swallowed up all other amusements. Mardi Gras was not propitious for out-of-door exhibitions. The day was cloudy and cold; the boulevards were crowded, however, to the endangerment of human bodies, to see the masquerade in *Voiture*; but all the world looked blue, and not even the metamorphosing of men into

beasts of all grotesque kinds could elicit more than a *regardez cette drôle bête*, with a forced show of teeth. The beasts with men's heads and forms were as great curiosities to me. Every day may be said to be a sort of masque carnival to the stranger in Paris. The various fashions, whimsical fancies, oddities, at all times present, is a continued source of attraction to the foreigner. One wears his beard of red, yellow, or black, to its utmost length; another encircles his mouth with a pair of savage black moustaches, and cuts his hair as short as a roundhead in Cromwell's day. Grey hair is curled and lies in luxuriant masses upon the shoulders of fifty years; white moustaches, frightful in size, grace the lips of old age. Youth grows whatever ornamental beard it may. The exquisite protrudes out his vest with interior lining of cotton until he looks as full in that region as a fat pullet. One wears a *paletelet*, "all buttoned down before," with a double row, as large as a five-franc piece; another rejoices in a coat as loose as a lady's morning-gown, with both his hands stuck to the very bottom of his long pockets. The women, young and old, comb their hair back from their foreheads and face, however bleached or thinned by time; the silvery threads are drawn behind with a pertinacity painful to contemplate.

General Cass gave a grand ball to his countrymen upon the twenty-second of February. Present were many distinguished persons of other countries, and the *savoiré* or party was lionized by M. Thiers and M. Guizot. Thiers is a little man, of eccentric appearance. Guizot is also small, of a modest, simple deportment, with a long, retreating forehead, a serious face, with an expression between that of a financier and a metaphysician. Many of the fair daughters of the United States were there to represent us, and confirm the world that our ladies are as beautiful as they have the reputation of being. One of the celebrated beauties of France was there, also Madame —, a young wife of seventeen; but to my American eyes, a young countrywoman of ours, whose father's "wide domains" lie near the head of the Hudson, was the most *distinguée*, the most interesting belle of the evening.

J. E. F.

CONDITION OF PHILOSOPHY IN A WORLDLY NATION.

"In a practical country like ours—that is, one where almost all the energies of almost all energetic minds are employed in outward work of some kind, a man of a different temper and tendencies is not only hampered and wounded by endless discordances in his life with that of all around him, but finding no sympathy, and no pub-

lie at once with him, he is perpetually driven into doubt of the reality and worth of the objects which alone can satisfy his deepest feelings, and suitably engage his best faculties. A philosopher in England has the discomfort of an eagle in darkness, while he is held to be an owl in daylight. Wretched, therefore, is he if his philosophy be but that of the head, and does not so strengthen and purify his heart as to sustain him against neglect, solitude, the mistrust and sorrow of his friends, and the loud revlings of all who fancy any difference of pursuits and affections from theirs to be an intentional outrage against them. In fact, in opposing ourselves to the stream of things which we cannot altogether escape from, our only justification must be a love of truth, inseparable from a knowledge of it, which brings still more of inward consolation than of outward trial." (*Blackwood's Magazine*.) These are admirable remarks, containing truths which most philosophers have had the lot to experience. If philosophers would remedy this state of things, they must quit their closets for the courts, renounce philosophy for frippery, truth for fiction; their feelings of universal love must be displaced by a large quantity of hatred, envy, and malice; and instead of being mediators, making considerate excuses for human frailty, they must become the heartless disseminators of discord and scandal.

J. H. F.

FIDGETTY PEOPLE.

(From the Common-place Book of Alfred Saunter, Esq.)

The laws of the nation protect us but insufficiently. The greater crimes are punished severely enough, but the smaller are committed with impunity. They hang murderers, but take no cognizance of bories. Our lives are attended to, but our peace of mind is neglected. In short, the title of this sketch explains my meaning: I think that fidgetty people should be considered delinquents in society, and that their unhappy victims should be able (in legal slang) to "sue and recover."

There is no greater curse to a contented sloven than one of this meddling class, whom your carelessness puts in a continual fever. He will tell you three times in a walk of a mile, that your handkerchief is hanging out of your pockets—that there is a thread upon your coat—that a black has settled on your nose, &c.; and, what is worst of all, the fool expects that you will feel obliged for being annoyed in this way: so common decency obliges you to thrust your handkerchief to the bottom of your pocket, to twitch the thread off your coat, and to rub away at your nose until your

tormentor be satisfied. There is one only revenge left: cut the miserable being ever afterwards, and revel in unrestrained freedom.

It is in the softer sex, however, this feeling is generally found strongest; and woe to the poor wight who shall be tied for his sins to a lady of this description. Dearly will he repent the fatal step, and fondly will he think of his bachelor days, when order was a thing to him unknown—when he tossed his hat one way and his gloves another—when books were strewn on the hearth-rug, and Carlo slept on the sofa. He can hardly believe that such things ever were!

But if single specimens, male and female, of the fidgetty class be annoying, what think you, sympathizing reader, of a whole family? If the sting of a wandering insect be annoying, is it not a sensible thing to dash into a hornet's nest? And yet, I have done this sensible thing! Yes, reader, I passed a whole week with a "very particular family"—I was invited for a month; but if I had stopped half that time, I should have been decently interred in the village churchyard long ago.

I was totally unsuspecting of the fate that awaited me. My friend and crony, Jack Elliott, had invited me to come down to him for a month in Devonshire, where he was passing the autumn with his family. Jack was a pleasant, rattling fellow, as careless as myself; and I innocently took him for a sample of the family. Alas! I had yet to learn that Jack was the only one of the Elliotts who had not the organ of "order" decidedly large!

It was on a fine morning in September that I arrived at the mansion, situated in one of the most lovely parts of Devonshire. I was struck by the supernatural smoothness and evenness of the grass-plot leading up to the house, the perfect state of the gravel-walk, free from the suspicion of a pebble, and the snowy whiteness of the steps. Why did I not take these palpable hints, and spare myself what ensued? But no: I blindly pressed on, and pulling the large bell, my fate was decided!

I will not detail all the circumstances of my martyrdom: in the phrase of the novelists, "they may be more easily imagined than described." I was a sloven—the family was "orderly" to an inveterate degree; and, as I now discovered, consisted principally of old maids. I spilled the wine on the table-cloth—I carved fowls as fowls were never carved before—I teased the parrot, and was always treading on the cat's tail—I spoke when I ought to have held my tongue, and was silent when I ought to have spoken—I laughed at serious things, and was grave at those truly laughable—I wrote verses in Miss Celestine's

album, and not in Miss Sarah's—I never was down in time for breakfast, and wouldn't go to bed early at night!

At the expiration of a week, I managed to get a letter on pressing business from town, and took my flight instantly. I never knew what the sweets of liberty were till then!

And yet, fidgetty people must be of some use, too. They correct the example of us inveterate slovens, which else would infect the whole community. This would not do; for though incorrigible, we know we are wrong, and do not wish for companions in iniquity. The extreme is to be avoided either way; and we fear the rational part of the world thinks little better of slovens than of fidgetty people.

THE SWORD OF GODFREY OF BOUILLON.

On the return of the Crusade against the Saracens, the emir of Cesarea came forth to meet Godfrey of Bouillon, and presented to him some of the fruits of Palestine. Godfrey accepted a cedar-apple, and a short time afterwards he fell sick. He is supposed to have been poisoned. He with difficulty reached his capital, where he died July 18, 1100. His body was interred in the precincts of Calvary, near the tomb of our Saviour, which he had so valiantly defended.



THE SWORD OF GODFREY OF BOUILLON.

The sword of Godfrey of Bouillon is preserved as a precious relic at Jerusalem. In the consecration of the Knights of St. John or St. Sepulchre, the superior of all the convents of the Holy Land puts on the spur of Godfrey of Bouillon, and girds on his sword; he then unsheathes it, and lays it three times upon the shoulder, saying, "I arm thee, knight," &c. After the form of oath is read, the new knight in his turn puts on the spur, and girds on the sword, which he receives from the superior. The ceremony of reception, which takes place in the neighbouring chapel of the Latin convent, is terminated by a procession and visit to the saint's tomb.

The annexed Engraving has been executed from a drawing of the original sword, at Jerusalem, made by M. Frederick Goupil. We are not so precisely informed whether this is the sword with which Godfrey, at the battle of Merseberg, October 2, 1081, sheared off the right hand of the Pretender Rodolph, who died on the following day in consequence of his wound; nor can we decide whether the above is the weapon with which the historians of the crusades record, Godfrey, during the siege of Antioch, split, by a single stroke, a Saracen from the left shoulder to the right haunch, when the entire head and a moiety of the trunk of the infidel fell upon the spot into the river Orontes, while the sitting half entered the town on horseback! This was, indeed, a *slick achievement*.

THE PLAGUE OF NIMÉGUEN.

A LEARNED Genevese physician, Jean Manget, has left us, in a *Treatise on the Plague*, a very rare book, which he published in 1721, one year after the Plague of Marseilles, a representation of the singular dress worn by persons charged with the care of those who were infected with the plague. This curious specimen of costume forms the frontispiece of Manget's volume, whence the annexed Engraving has been copied. It consists of a morocco leather robe, which, by its odour, resists the pestilential venom. The nose, in form like a beak, filled with perfumes, and anointed inside with a balsamic preparation, is only pierced by two holes, one on each side; but that is sufficient for respiration, and the air so breathed does not become impregnated with the odour of the drugs contained in the beak. The eyes, or apertures requisite for sight, are rendered safe by means of small crystal windows. Under the robe was ordinarily worn a pair of buskins, also made of morocco leather, and joined to a pair of drawers, and an under-waistcoat, of the same material; of which, likewise, the hat and gloves were made.



DRESS WORN AT THE PLAGUE OF NIMEGUEN.

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It was not without reason that such minute precaution was taken by those upon whom devolved the relief and comfort of persons infected with the plague. To fulfil this perilous task, great courage and denial were indispensable; of which some idea may be formed from the touching recital of Isbrand de Diemerbroek, a celebrated professor of medicine, and of the kind of life which he passed at Nimèguen, during two years, (1636 and 1637,) when the plague ravaged that town.

"In the same manner, (he says,) that the people are regulated by the example of the king, so, in the time of plague, each person has his eyes upon the physician, to conform himself to his manner of living; so that, by taking the like precautions, he may protect himself from the frightful attacks of this horrible malady. Many persons were surprised how I could ensure this guarantee, and thus enter indiscriminately all the infected houses, and visit the patients; and this made them observant of my conduct,

which I am about to relate, for the advantage of mankind.

"I made every effort to place myself above the influence of the passions, and to assume intrepidity: I feared neither danger, nor death, nor anything in existence; so that I regarded with equal indifference the houses which were infected, and those which were pure. I adopted the same plan with regard to the patients: I visited with equal pleasure the poor man by charity, as I did the rich man that paid me for my visits: my mind was susceptible neither of fear, nor anger, nor grief. If occasionally I found my soul becoming sad, (and it could scarcely be otherwise in a town like Nimèguen, where not a house was exempt from the plague,) then I regained my courage, and soon dispelled melancholy with three or four glasses of wine. I took care not to induce others to sleep in the day-time; nevertheless, as I was overwhelmed by the number of patients, who did not allow me any rest, and did not permit me

to sleep during the night, I could not help sleeping an hour after dinner, the period of the day at which I was least occupied.

" For my food, I ate meats which were full of gravy, and easy of digestion, carefully avoiding those which had been peculiarly prepared, as pork, herrings, &c. I drank the common beer of Nimeguen, or light white wine; of which I took just enough to enliven me, without ever inconveniencing my head. I kept my stomach in good order, and regulated my digestive organs with all the care that I could.

" Once or twice a week, I swallowed two or three of my pills for the plague. I went out in the morning at 4 or 5 o'clock, to see my patients. But that which gave me most pain, and for which I most blamed myself, was the insurmountable repugnance which I felt to take nourishment when I had paid my visits: all food then made me heart-sick. So, for my breakfast, I said my prayers, and commended myself to the protection of God. I then chewed only a few small cardamon seeds; towards six o'clock, I took a little treacle, or Venice treacle, or candied orange-peel; but oftener, three or four little pieces of candied eringo-root. Between 7 and 8 o'clock, I breakfasted upon bread and butter or green cheese, drinking a glass of beer afterwards; towards 9 o'clock, I took daily a glass of wormwood wine; at 10, if I had time, I smoked a pipe of tobacco; after dinner, I smoked two or three pipes, another after supper, and often, during the day, as occasion presented itself, I smoked another pipe. But when I felt the least in the world inconvenienced by the smell of the patients, or the infected houses, I left my business, however important it might be, and whatever hour of the day it was, to smoke two or three pipes of tobacco; for, to speak the truth, I always considered this plant as the best preservative from the plague. It is not so much by argument, as by my own experience, that I have been convinced of this fact, and I do not think I ever found a more certain instance than the present; the goodness of the tobacco being a great point. This is why, in holding to this antidote, I have not used any other perfume; nor among all is there one that can be put into the mouth, as in this case; therefore, so long as the plague continued, I consumed a good quantity of this herb, which I have, however, afterwards left off, for fear of accustoming myself to it, and abusing it, as many people do to this day. On the occasion of going to visit a notary named Straeten, attacked with the plague, I had no sooner entered his chamber, than the dreadful stench almost suffocated me; and I felt that I had caught the contagion. I cut my visit very short, and went out of the place overcome with vertigo, nausea, and anguish, with an

oppression of the heart, which left no doubt that I had been attacked with the pestilential venom. Having left all business, (it was then 10 o'clock in the morning,) I went home, and smoked six or seven pipes of excellent tobacco. The symptoms with which I had been troubled soon disappeared, so that I did not absolutely feel any more evil from it; and I was in a condition to continue visits to my patients, having swallowed, before going out of the house, a dram of good treacle. I have been similarly attacked, on three or four occasions, during the time that I have visited persons afflicted with the plague at Nimeguen; and I have been relieved by the same remedy, and that promptly, except in one instance, when, on going to visit, at about 9 o'clock in the morning, a baker and his wife, both of whom were attacked with a pestilential diarrhoea, and having delayed my ordinary remedy, I narrowly escaped great danger. Nevertheless, I smoked some pipes, after which I fell into such drowsiness, accompanied with pains of the heart, that I was compelled to be put to bed. After three hours' sleep, I was awakened by my valet, who told me that a multitude of patients waited for me; but I was unable to support myself. Nevertheless, I got up, and having reached the fire, leaning on the shoulder of the valet, I returned to my tobacco, and before I had smoked two or three pipes, the vertigo and nausea left me, and there remained only a slight pain of the heart. Then, regaining courage, I swallowed a dram and a half more treacle, drinking upon it a good draught of hot wine, into which I put a little canella and nutmeg. In this state, I went out, and got warm with walking, and continued out till 10 o'clock in the evening. I then returned home in good health, and with my heart invigorated. I supped well, and finished with some fresh pipes of tobacco, according to custom. As I have before remarked, tobacco has always afforded me great relief when I have been attacked by the pestilential venom. Although the same effect may not happen to every one, the efficacy of this plant has been well proved by many soldiers, and it has been so stated by their commanders. They relate, too, a great deal more; for it is said that at London, during the Great Plague, the houses of those who sold tobacco were not infected. Nevertheless, the same good fortune did not happen to all the tobacconists of Nimeguen; for we have seen several of them seized with the plague. It is true, that among the principal of these dealers was an Englishman, named Thomas Pierre, whose family and servants were very numerous, of whom, as well as I can recollect, only one servant was attacked, and she soon recovered."

THE DANGERS OF MISCONDUCT.

BY M. DE BALZAC.

CHAPTER II.—THE SOLICITOR.

(Continued from p. 344.)

"FATHER Gobseck," said I, "I bring you here one of my most intimate friends—(whom I would not trust for anything,) I added in his ear: I beg of you, on my account, to assist him, and on reasonable terms—if you choose."

Father Gobseck kept his seat, immovable as a statue. All he said was, "I have no money except for my customers!"

"You don't like it, then, that I have been to another shop to ruin myself?" asked the young man, laughingly.

"Ruin?" asked Gobseck, ironically.

"You will say, I suppose, that it is hard to ruin a man who has got nothing to lose? But I defy you to find in all Paris a better man than I am," answered the man of fashion, putting himself in an elegant attitude. "What would become of you without such spendthrifts as I am? Come, shake hands and be friends, if you can be any one's friend."

"You come here," answered Gobseck, "because Giroud, Palma, Werbrust, and the rest, are tired of discounting your notes. How can I lend to a man who owes thirty thousand francs, and is not worth a penny? Besides, you lost ten thousand francs at M. Lafitte's last ball."

"Sir," said the young gentleman, with rare impudence, "my private affairs do not concern you. A man does not owe anything till his debts are due. My notes will all be paid."

"Really!"

"The only question now is, whether I can give you sufficient security."

"Exactly."

I heard the rattling of the hackney-coach as it drew up to the door.

"I can find something that will suit you," said the stranger, and left the room. "O my son, my dear son," cried Gobseck, as soon as he disappeared, "you have saved my life! Oh it would have killed me! Werbrust and Gigonnet have been trying to play me a trick; thanks to you, I shall have a good laugh at them." His joy had something terrible in it which I never shall forget.

"Wait a moment!" he went on; "I hear a woman's step in the gallery; you will see a lady I spoke of once."

The stranger entered, and with him a lady, of perhaps five or six and twenty. She was singularly beautiful, and I understood at once that this was the countess whom Gobseck had once described to me. She was so lovely that, in spite of her faults, I could not but pity her. Her features were convulsed. I saw that the young

man before me had been her evil genius, and I wondered how father Gobseck, three years before, had been able, from a word or two, to foretel the destiny of these two beings. I will confess that if I did not shed a tear over her fate it was because I was absorbed in a feeling of anger at the destroyer of her peace—so graceful, so easy, with such a sweet smile, a fiend in the shape of an angel of light. Both were now before their judge, who eyed them as an old inquisitor would have looked upon a couple of muzzled prisoners in the cells of the Holy Office.

"Tell me, sir," said she, tremblingly, "can I get the value of these diamonds, and yet have the right to redeem them?"

"Certainly, madam; it is what we call a contract of pledge. You give up the property, but are entitled to it again on paying a certain sum within a certain time."

She seemed to breathe more freely. As for Gobseck, he devoured the jewels with his eyes. If I was to live a hundred years I should never forget how he looked. His eyes shone with a strange fire. He held the jewels close to his toothless mouth, as though he wanted to devour them. He muttered to himself as he took up bracelets, necklaces, and diamonds, one after the other, and held them up to the light to judge of their colour and purity. He took them out of the case, put them back, took them out again, more like a child than an old man, or rather, like a child and an old man at once.

"Fine diamonds! they would have brought three hundred thousand francs before the revolution. What water! Do you know what they are worth? No; no man in Paris can tell you that but old Gobseck. Under the empire they would have been worth over two hundred thousand francs, but now Asia and Brazil are flooding us with them," meanwhile he kept looking at them; "faultless! ah, that one is specked! that's a fine one!" and so on.

"Well!" cried the vicomte.

This word restored his self-possession; he became once more the usurer; in other words, a block of stone—hard, cold, and smooth.

The countess seemed stupefied. I thought she felt she was on the verge of a precipice. I determined to try to save her.

"Are these diamonds yours, madam?"

She shuddered, but it was in a proud tone that she answered, "They are."

"Will you draw the instrument?" said Gobseck to me, pointing to his desk.

"Madame is married, I presume?"

She bowed.

"Then I will not draw it!"

"Why so?" asked Gobseck.

"Why?" answered I, taking him aside, "because she is married, and not her own

mistress. The transaction would be null and void, and you cannot plead ignorance."

He only nodded, and asked, turning to the guilty pair—

"Eighty thousand francs down, and give me the diamonds?"

There was no answer.

"Just as you please," he continued, handing back the jewels.

"You had better confess all to your husband," whispered L.

The usurer guessed what I was saying, and his glance at me was perfectly devilish. As for the viscount, his face grew purple, for the countess hesitated. I heard him say to her—

"Adieu, Emilie, and for ever! As for me, to-morrow my troubles will be ended!"

"Sir I accept your offer," cried the lady.

The usurer drew a check for fifty thousand francs, which he gave her.

"And now," said he, with a smile like Voltaire's, "I will make up the sum by thirty thousand francs in notes which you must know to be good." He produced that amount in the viscount's notes, which he had bought of one of his comrades who had thought to take him in, and which had been protested the day before. The young man roared out, "You infernal old scoundrel!"

"Take care!" cried Gobseck, "I can use the pistol!"

"You must apologize to M. Gobseck," cried the countess.

"I had no intention of offending you," stammered her companion.

"I know it; your intention was only not to pay your notes."

The countess left the room, and the viscount had to attend her.

As soon as the door closed, he began to dance about the room like mad.

"I've got the diamonds! I've got the diamonds! and cheap enough too. Ha ha, did they think they could take in old Gobseck! Come, let's go and dine. We'll make a day of it.

A hasty step was heard outside, and some one knocked violently at the door. Gobseck opened it, and a man of about thirty-five, of an aristocratic air, entered the room. He seemed in a violent rage.

"Sir," said he, "has not my wife just left the room?"

"Very possibly."

"Well, sir!"

"Well?"

"Don't you understand me?"

"I have not the honour of knowing your lady," said the usurer. "Several men and women have been here to-day."

"That will not do. I mean the lady who has just left you."

"How should I know that she is your

wife? I never had the pleasure of seeing you before."

"You are mistaken, M. Gobseck," said the stranger, bitterly. "I met you one morning in my wife's apartment, when you came to collect a note which she did not owe."

"It is none of my business what the consideration of the note was," said Gobseck, coolly. "I had discounted it on 'Change. Besides," he went on, pouring out his coffee, "allow me to observe that I do not understand your right to question me in this way."

"Sir, you have just bought for half their value a quantity of diamonds which are not my wife's. They are an heirloom in the family."

"Without saying ay or no to that, I must tell you that if Madame la Comtesse has taken your diamonds, you ought to have given notice to the public."

"She had no right to sell them."

"It may be so."

"Very well, sir, there is justice to be had yet."

"Exactly so."

"This gentleman here witnessed the transaction."

"Very possible."

The count was going out, when I interposed.

"Monsieur le Comte, you are perfectly in the right, and M. Gobseck is not in the wrong. You cannot bring an action against the purchaser without in some sense including your wife, and the disgrace would not fall upon her alone. I am a solicitor, and it is my duty to say that M. Gobseck did buy the diamonds in my presence. I think, however, you would do wrong in disputing the legality of the sale. The result of a suit would be doubtful. Better settle the matter amicably."

The usurer, meanwhile, was dipping his crust of bread in the milk with perfect indifference. I gave him a glance, which he understood. The matter was dubious, disgraceful. I should have told the truth, and Gobseck would have been beaten. After a discussion, in which Gobseck shewed ability enough to outwit a whole congress of diplomats, I drew a contract of pledge, by which the count acknowledged the receipt of ninety thousand francs, less interest, and Gobseck agreed to restore the jewels on receiving that sum in one year from date.

"What wastefulness!" cried the count, as he signed it. "How can we bridge over such a gulf?"

"Sir, have you many children?" asked the usurer, gravely.

The count started, but made no answer.

"Well," cried Gobseck, who understood his melancholy silence, "I know your whole story by heart. That woman is a fiend! You love her spite of her faults.

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I don't wonder at it, she moved even me. You want to save your fortune for one or two of your children, (*with emphasis.*) Go out into the world, speculate, gamble, come to see me every now and then. People will say old Gobseck has ruined you. I don't care for that. Then get a friend, if you have one, and make a sham sale of your property. You call it a trust deed, don't you.

The count seemed lost in thought, and left us without making an answer.

"He looks silly enough to be honest," was M. Gobseck's comment. "Remember, the count is to pay you for drawing our little paper," he called out after me.

Some little time afterwards the count called upon me. He looked sad and worn out.

"Sir," said he, "I have come to consult you in a most important matter. I am going to prove to you what confidence I have in your honour. Your conduct in Madame de Grandlieu's business is above all praise."

You see, madam, I have been paid a thousand times over for the services I was able to render you.

"I have made many inquiries about your singular friend, Gobseck," he continued. "Do you think he is honest?"

"M. Gobseck is my benefactor—at fifteen per cent!" I replied. "But his avairice does not authorize me to draw his portrait merely to amuse a stranger. However, I may state that his whole life is governed by one principle—namely, that money is worth all that a man can get for it. Apart from this, I believe him one of the most upright men in Paris. Of his past life I know nothing."

"My mind is made up," said the count. "Please draw the papers necessary to convey all my property to him. I trust to you to prepare the counter-instrument by which he is to engage to convey it all to my eldest son exclusively as soon as he is of age. I will confess to you that I am afraid to retain so valuable a document, and my son is too fond of his mother to be trusted with it. Will you take charge of it? M. Gobseck has promised to deposit my property in your hands in case of death." Here he seemed deeply moved. "Pray excuse me," he added, "my health is very much shattered. Recent sorrow has reduced me greatly, and forced me to adopt this measure, which was suggested by your old friend."

"Sir, let me remark to you, that by so doing you disinherit your other children. They bear your name, at any rate, and they have a right to some support, if only as the children of a woman whom you once loved. I declare that I will not accept the trust you propose to honour me with unless they are protected from want."

The tears came into his eyes as he answered—

"I did not know you till now. We will attend to this in the counter-instrument."

"Well, Mademoiselle Camille," continued the solicitor, "what a terrible lesson this story contains for those women who plunge into vice so thoughtlessly! Shame, remorse, misery, these are the three furies into whose hands they must sooner or later fall, and yet sometimes a piece of music or a dance will make a woman forget all this!"

"Poor Camille is very sleepy," said Madame de Grandlieu. "Go to sleep, my child; your poor eyes are half shut already. Her heart does not need these pictures of horror to keep it pure and virtuous, and the rest of your story must be told only to me, an old woman who need not care about such things."

Mademoiselle Camille understood her mother, and left the room.

"You go a little too far, my dear friend," said the viscountess.

"Why, the newspapers are a thousand times more!"

"My good friend, that is just like you! Pray, do you suppose I let my daughter read the newspapers?"

"Go on, if you please," she added, after a pause.

(To be continued.)

THE LITERARY WORLD.—XII.

POPE, MILTON, AND COWPER.

Fraser's Magazine, without presenting any striking novelty, is a readable Number. Scotch Non-intrusion, Puseyism, and the Theory of Reform, may be polemical and political attractions; but we incline to a paper on the "Rural Scenes of Pope and Milton," and, we may add, Cowper. From this we gather that most of Pope's house at Binfield has been pulled down, but the poet's parlour still exists, a part of the present mansion: in honour of Pope, a fragment of the great forest has been preserved near Binfield, and called "Pope's Wood." At Twickenham, the memorials of the poet have been less respected: the house is gone; and the garden which he delighted to cultivate with taste and skill—its laurel circus, its urns and vases, (the gift of a prince,) its rustic temple, wilderness, and spring of clear water, that echoed through the cavern day and night—are now a bare, exposed, shapeless mass of ruin and disorder: the celebrated grotto remains, but stripped of all that gave it picturesqueness, grace, and seclusion. "Cowper has fared rather better than Pope: his house at Olney is still standing, but in the same ruinous state so humorously described by the poet: his parlour is occupied as a girls' school. The

summer-house in the garden—the boudoir in which the gentle bard used to sit composing his verses—also remains, its walls covered with the names of visitors. Cowper's residence in the neighbouring village of Weston has been much altered, but is still beautiful, with a profusion of roses in front." Next are some very interesting details of the Milton MSS. in Trinity College Library, Cambridge: the copies of *Comus*, *Lycidas*, the *Arcades*, and some of the sonnets, "are bound together, are written on common foolscap paper, and contain numerous corrections and interlineations. The spelling is uncouthly antique; and most of the lines begin with small letters, not capitals. It appears that some of the exquisite lyrical bursts in *Comus* were inserted, probably on proof-sheets, after the manuscript was written. Among the Cambridge MSS. are outlines of various subjects, intended by the poet for tragedies: sixty-two from Scripture, and thirty-seven from English and Scotch history, Macbeth being among the number. In the British Museum, in the same glass case with the famous autograph of Shakespeare, in Florio's *Montaigne*, (for which 100 guineas were lately paid,) is a printed copy of the Elegies on Mr. Edward King, the subject of Milton's *Lycidas*, with some corrections of the text in Milton's handwriting. One whole line omitted by the printer (Milton at the time resided at Hoxton) is supplied by the poet in the margin. Mr. Rogers, the poet, possesses the written agreement between Milton and his publisher, Simmonds, for the copyright of *Paradise Lost*. It is framed and glazed, and hung up in the poet's handsome library. Milton's London residences have all, with one exception, disappeared, or ceased to be distinguishable. The remaining house is that to which the poet removed in 1651, and where he lived till he was sequestered from his office of "Secretary for Foreign Tongues," in 1659. Phillips calls it "a pretty garden-house, in petty France, in Westminster, next door to the Lord Scudamore's, opening into St. James's Park." The house forms No. 18, York-street, Westminster. The neighbourhood is no longer retired or respectable, but is chiefly occupied with humble shops or obscure lodgings. The lower part of Milton's house is converted into a chandler's shop; and, on making some inquiries of the woman who kept it, the writer was directed up stairs: "it was in the attic, sir, that he wrote his studies," said the poor woman. The second floor is tenanted by another family, and the attic by a third—all apparently of the very lowest rank. The parlour up stairs is a large and handsome room, wainscoted, and with three windows looking into the Park. The attic commands a fine view; but the studies of

Milton, we may be sure, were conducted in a larger room, where he could be surrounded with his books, and occasionally receive his friends and foreign visitors. The towers of Westminster Abbey form an interesting object in York-street; they strike the eye immediately on entering the street from the poet's dwelling; but darkness was fast settling on Milton, if he was not wholly blind, ere he removed to York-street. This house belonged to Jeremy Bentham, who caused a tablet to be put up on the back wall, (believed to have been the front in Milton's time,) inscribed, "SACRED TO MILTON, PRINCE OF POETS." Milton, stern Republican as he was, could not have wished to see a Prince in worse plight than he is here—*sacred amidst squalid poverty and filth!* Surely, the present owner (a son of Mr. Bentham) might, at no great sacrifice, rescue the house from its present pollution, and preserve it in some way more honourable to the fame of its illustrious occupant. In this house, undoubtedly, part of *Paradise Lost* was composed. The poem was begun two years before the Restoration, when the division of the secretaryship with Andrew Marvell left the poet more leisure for his private pursuits. A house honoured by the residence of Milton for eight years—years so memorable in our history—and especially distinguished by its connexion with the composition of the sublimest poem in the language, possesses a national interest and importance. Milton's house at Chalfont is likely soon to be sold: here was composed *Paradise Regained*. This is, altogether, a pleasant anecdotic paper. But the liveliest article in the Number is the "Specimens of the Table-talk of the late John Boyle, Esq., R.S. to the Cork Corporation, Editor of the *Freeholder*, &c." The majority of its points are personal, but it likewise has much humour that is real: we have picked out a few specimens:—

"What is an Irishman but a machine for converting potatoes into human nature?

The mythology of the ancient world is philosophy in the robe of fiction. In the sublime story of the Titans hurling mountains against the gods, and striving to tear down the very battlements of Olympus, is shadowed forth the daring impiety of ATHEISTS, who sought to wrest from the minds of men the dominion of the Deity, and introduce into the world an anarchy of thought, and word, and act, to which the wildest chaos were harmony itself.

What is the Latin for Quakeress?—*Quassatrix*. Who were the first people who said nay?—The *Naiads*. Who first sold bacon?—The *Hanadryades*. Where did the dentists originally come from?—Tuscany. Which is the most celestial part of the British empire?—The Isle of Shy-

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In what Greek work do we find the best account of eels?—The *Iliad*.

The very mention of metaphysics gives me a headache. I swear by the ghost of Burgersdicius, I would not have been Samuel Coleridge or Von Immanuel Ignoramus Kant, were I made lord and master of all the stars in heaven.

The owl is called the Bird of Wisdom, because he bends both his eyes on the object which he contemplates.

A good translation is a literary metempsychosis." 377

New Books.

The Bude Light. No. L

[THIS is a waistcoat-pocket budget of pun, patter, and pasquinade, upon the incidents of the past month; or, in the quaint phraseology of the title-page, it is "a social, satirical, farcical, fashionable, personal, political, musical, poetical, attical, dramatical, tart, smart, courting, sporting, literary, skittery, Monthly Illuminator." The name has been felicitously chosen; for as the superior brilliancy of the *Bude Light* is produced by introducing oxygen into the flame, so the Editor of this little Miscellany seeks to add to our enjoyment by turning all things to humorous account—wit being the oxygen of his intellectual atmosphere, and the follies of the day the carbon for combustion. In the present Number we have anecdotes, "light, tight, and airy," of the Queen and the Ministry, the Parliament, Epsom Races, the Drama, and "the Derby;" a page of the pathetic upon "the President;" the Sugar, Corn, and Timber duties not "lowered;" with many salient points of the talk about town: the parliamentary bye-play is especially good. We string together a few jets:]

Too Good to be Lost.

Mr. Pryme, the member for Cambridge, is not only prime but prim. He has a staid, quiet, sober, demure aspect. A joke, while he spoke, would unspoke him altogether; in fact, it would be a source of woh! to him, for it would stop his wheel. On one occasion, and towards the end of last session, as we have declared, he was speaking. On the table before him he had deposited a sort of relay of books of reference, as if to indicate that, however little he might be saying, he meant volumes. He pursued the course of his oratory, and, to say truth, the House did not much mind him. At last, while he was keeping the "even tenour of his way" with unabated earnestness and solemnity, Fox Maule (who has a reputation for practical wagging—always a good qualification in a minister) stepped stealthily behind him, and, lifting the nether end of a

prime pocket-handkerchief, which dangled temptingly at his tail, drew it gently from its hiding place, amid the cheers of the house, which Mr. Pryme was glad to find his speech eliciting. It was a noble specimen of *Fox Mauling*, and made glad and hilarious interruption to the dulness of the oratory. But, presently, Mr. Pryme's nose required a *blow*, in the civil sense of the word. He dived into the heart of his subject and his pocket at the same moment: his handkerchief, which he had used but a few moments before, was gone; "his wife had vanished;" he gazed around him, and of the dear departed there was no trace. He turned imploringly to the Speaker; and, abandoning his theme for his handkerchief (no patriot is called upon to sacrifice his nose to his nation), indicated that his pocket had been picked in that House, and that either some disreputable person had found admittance (he was not far wrong there), or that an unwarrantable breach of privilege had been committed. But while he poured forth this flood of denunciation, Fox Maule was not inactive; he had carefully, and unseen by the prime mover, tied the *mouchoir* sweetly round one of the volumes before the orator, while he had turned his back to make that affectionate appeal on behalf of his silk or cambric; and no sooner did he return to the thread (not of his handkerchief, but his argument), and glance at that ponderous pile of learning to which he was about to refer, than the "absent member" caught his flashing eye, and, grasping it with an air of triumph and delight, he recovered of it a snatching and a waving possession amid bursts of merriment—such as in time of jubilee we have often heard to emanate from a Peal. The handkerchief was decided too good to be lost.

A True Bill.

The following is a veritable copy of a "Bill" passed, a few days since, at a village in Essex, to a gentleman who had left his horse at one of the inns, with directions that it should be baited for the night, and brought home the next morning. The man who brought the animal brought also the account in question with him.

| | s. d. |
|-------------------|-----------|
| To anes .. | 4 6 |
| To agittonimom .. | 0 6 |
| | <hr/> 5 0 |

For such of our readers as are not used to decipher hieroglyphics, we give the translation:—

| | s. d. |
|-----------------------------|-------|
| To an horse .. | 4 6 |
| To a gittin' on him home .. | 0 6 |

Surely it is a fine familiar episode of equestrian literature.

A Weekly Memory.

Certain weaknesses of memory often develop themselves in "odd, familiar forms," in domestic life. When "Talma," was the rage, an English woman of fashion, of his day, knew him as the French actor that she always recollects when her children quarrelled, and then only, from their repeated threats to each other, to "tell me."

A French lady now in London (the mother of Celeste), can only recollect Macready upon the same principle, associating him with the days of the week, thus :

"Let me see, vat is de name of your great actor? *Lundi*, ah, non! *Jeudi*, non! *Samedi*, Ma foi, non! *Mercredi*? ah, oui! Yes, it is Macredi—Macready, dat is it!"

Thus thought with what changes will Language invest!

The puppets of word-play it makes them to dance; When "tell me" is Talma, and Madame Celeste Finds Macready in England is Wednesday in France!

[The pages are garnished with a shoal of little cuts, which aid the *bizarre* humour of "the Bude Light."]

The Gatheter.

Epsom Races.—When the races on Epsom Downs were first held periodically has not been traced with accuracy; but the following passage, from Craven's History of the Turf, in the *Sporting Review* for the past month, throws some light upon the inquiry : "At Chester, the racing has existed, without interruption, since 1609. That it was pursued before the middle of the seventeenth century on Epsom Downs, is inferentially shewn by the following passage in Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion*: 'Soon after the meeting which was held at Guildford, 18th May, 1648, to address the two Houses of Parliament, that the king, their only lawful sovereign, might be restored to his due honours, and come to his parliament for a personal treaty, &c., a meeting of the Royalists was held at Banstead (Epsom) Downs, under the pretence of a horse-race.' " Again : "It is said that races were established on Epsom Downs by James I, for his amusement during his retirement at the palace of Nonsuch, at Ewell; but this is less certain: we cannot discover any positive traces of them antecedent to 1730, since which period they have been regularly continued."

How to disperse a Mob.—In the year 1792, the women of Tonlon declared themselves in a state of insurrection, and, assembling in crowds, threatened to hang the magistrates. The procurator Syndic at first laughed at their threats; but the multitude refusing to disperse, he assembled the council-general of the commune, and

ordered the fire-engines, with a plentiful supply of water mixed with soot, to be drawn out in battle array: by a vigorous discharge of this sooty artillery, the insurgents in petticoats were completely routed.

Shoes.—About three hundred years ago, the largeness of the shoe was proportioned to the rank of the wearer, and the toes of a great man's slipper were buckled up to his knee. Perhaps the phrase, "being on a good footing with the world," originated in this absurd custom.

Foolish Critics and Wise Authors.—Any fool, much more any score of fools, can kill the wisest of men; yet history teaches us that the final estimation which decides all conflicts is by weight, not tale.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

American Manners.—At one of President Jackson's dinners, a member from Maine, who loved to talk during his meals, found, two or three times in succession, that the plate on which he was helped was taken away before he had scarcely tasted what was on it, when he cried out lustily to one of the servants, "I say, you Nigger, if you snatch away my plate, and after eating all the meat out, and licking it clean as washed, placing it 'fore me as if I had done it, I swear I'll extinguish you."

Baths.—In several churchyards of France may be read on the tombstones, "Un de profundis, s'il vous plaît." Would it be possible for any other than a Frenchman to accomplish so splendid a specimen of bathos!—*Trollope's Western France*.

Temperance.—From the Report of the British and Foreign Temperance Society, it appears that whilst the circuit of the metropolitan police force has been increased by a population of 267,266, the number of drunken cases taken into custody for the past year was 4764 less than in the preceding one, and of disorderlies, 3700 less than in 1839. The consumption of malt in 1840 was 776,785 bushels less than in the preceding year.

Modern Education.—The striving of modern fashionable education is to make the character impressive; while the result of good education, though not the aim, would be to make it expressive. * * * There is a tendency in modern education to cover the fingers with rings, and at the same time to cut the fingers at the wrist.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

Why is keeping a tavern a proof of consistency?—Because it's *inn-keeping*.

Why is a splendid lion like a flower?—Because he's a *dandy lion*.

When is a thief like a redbreast?—When he's a *robbing*.

When is an acquaintance like a razor?—When he *cuts* you. J. H. F.